

finders keepers by celoica

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Summary:

Instead of blowing up, Billy gets blown.

In which the following occurs: Steve gets a fear boner, Billy gets his dick sucked and a Demodog comes out of the fridge.

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Author's Note:

- For [LazyBaker](#).

Based on [these tags](#). I gave myself *the worst* hand cramp by writing this on my phone, so kudos and comments would be much appreciated!

The heavy looks, the biting of lips, the hot press of skin on the court—Steve knew what it was. He knew from the minute Billy knocked him to the floor and reached out to help him up, breathing inside Steve's personal bubble and eyes dipping down to watch his mouth.

He'd seen it before. He'd given it before, all hot and heavy, trying to convey everything he wanted to do in a single look. It'd been what caught Nancy, tied her to him enough to let him slip a hand up her. It'd been what nabbed him Colleen McNeil before she'd gone back to church and prayed for forgiveness.

It'd been the look he'd given Mitch Cox, a boy with an unfortunate name to match the fact that he sucked cock like a porn star. Biology tutoring sessions had turned to swapping blowjobs in the deepest stacks of the library and Mitch letting him fuck him over the edge of his bed, all sweat and gritty heat and bruises on Mitch's hipbones.

Billy stepped closer, crowding into Steve's space until he could feel the heat of his skin from his stupid, gaping shirt. Electricity sizzled around him, snapping and crackling with each tic of Billy's jaw as he spoke.

Steve watched the slide of Billy's tongue, wet and pink, and the flash of white teeth. He'd stripped off his jacket already. Jonesing for a fight or a fuck, Steve didn't know.

Probably both.

“Then who is that?”

Steve froze.

Idiots. If he looked over his shoulder, he guessed he would see the kids—led by Dustin—with their noses pressed to the window, eyes wide and watchful, and so terribly in view.

Idiots. They were idiots.

Steve stood stock still, lips parting around a *listen, man* that wouldn't force itself out of his throat. Billy's eyes narrowed, sharp points that barrel their way into Steve's brain. His nostrils flared, tongue pressed against the inside of his lip as he tossed his cigarette to the ground.

There was a dead Demodog in Mrs Byers' fridge. There was a *dead Demodog* in Mrs Byers' fridge. Proof, if Billy would believe that there was any other reason for him to hang out with a bunch of middle schoolers. Proof, if Billy would believe it was real.

He licked his lips and Billy took another step forward, until their noses almost brushed. The tension leaked from him like a faucet, dripping thickly onto Steve's skin, breathing it into the little air between them.

“*Who,*” Billy ground out, jaw clenching as he spoke, breath hot on Steve's lips, “*is. That.*”

Steve closed his eyes—dumb move—and swallowed, throat working around the words. How was he supposed to get him into the house? How was he supposed to show him what was stuffed in the fridge? Was he supposed to usher him past the kids—*Lucas* and *Max*, who stood too close to each other all afternoon, and wasn't Dustin just a sucker for it—and hope for the best?

“Billy,” he started and opened his eyes. He blinked.

Billy was already gone, sidestepping around him and heading for the front door.

“Billy, c'mon,” Steve said, turning on his heel and reaching out for Billy's arm.

Steve's fingers brushed his arm and Billy moved. He had Steve by the collar, fisting the fabric of his shirt and yanking him forward. Nervous energy rattled through Steve's bones, twisting low and hot

in his belly, sinking lower.

He'd read about fear boners in a horror book once. He bit the inside of his cheek hard enough to bleed.

"You wanna fight, pretty boy?" he asked. His breath was hot again, tobacco-sharp, and when he smiled, it felt like a threat.

Steve's eyes dipped down, caught on the shape of Billy's mouth. Full lips, straight teeth, pink tongue flicking behind them. He wanted to suck on it, scrape the taste of tar and smoke off until he got down to whatever it was that made up Billy.

Billy's hands went slack, fingers loosening in Steve's shirt. His mouth softened, the violent line between his brows smoothing out. His hands rested flat to Steve's chest.

Steve swallowed, hard. "Don't—"

Billy cut him off, voice low, words thick as honey. "You want something else?"

"Don't—" He cut himself off, swallowing around the lump in his throat. He set his hand on Billy's wrist, his skin warm beneath Steve's palm. "Do you?"

Billy breathed hard, chest rising and falling heavily. His fingertips pressed against Steve's sternum, the heels of his palms flat. He could feel his skin through the fabric, burning a brand into his chest. Adrenaline poured from Billy into Steve, bumping along under his skin and thudding an even beat to the throb in his belly.

Drunk on the closeness, want gone straight to his head, Steve waited for Billy to answer, his own breath caught in his chest.

He nodded, jerky and short, a movement that cut through Steve like a knife. Sucking in a shallow breath, he slipped his hand up Billy's arm, settling on his shoulder. Billy looked at his hand and then to Steve's face, nostrils flaring. The anger vibrated off him, but the hollowed-out look in his eyes was anything but angry.

Tongue sandpaper-dry, Steve cupped Billy's cheek. He was hot all

over. Underneath his clothes, Steve reckoned he was on fire.

Billy pulled him close by the scruff of his shirt. Steve stumbled forward, free hand raising up to grab his shoulder and steady himself. The barest hint of a kiss touched his lips and he jerked back, eyes darting to the window. Dustin's mop of curls peeked at the edge of the window.

When he looked back at Billy, his eyes were narrowed, sharp with anger again, vulnerability gone in a puff of smoke Steve had missed.

"C'mon," Steve said, tongue uncomfortably thick in his mouth. He grabbed Billy's wrist, twined his fingers through Billy's and tugged him toward the front door. Relief washed over him when Billy moved, feet dragging through the dirt as he let Steve lead.

"Steve, dude—"

"Billy, don't—"

"What the hell, man."

Steve cut the kids a look. Max had stumbled back, three feet between her and Dustin, and even more between her and Billy. "Stay here," he shot over his shoulder, pulling Billy down the hall to the bathroom. He kicked the door shut behind them.

In the dimly lit bathroom, Billy shook. It shuddered through his shoulders, a tremble that Steve felt inside his own hand.

"Billy," he said, and then stopped. He swallowed, fingertips inching their way up Billy's inner wrist.

Billy said nothing. He stared, the hollowed out look back. Victory tasted bittersweet. Torn in two, insides cracked and exposed, he looked how Steve felt. The barest hint of his lips on Steve's had felt like a brand, lava-hot and burning, lingering on his mouth like acid.

"Billy," he said again, wrecked and shredded.

He kissed like he looked: Aggressive and rough, teeth bumping and biting, tongue a slick weight pushing past Steve's lips. He tasted like

cigarettes and mint gum, nothing like girls and all their softness, nothing like Mitch and all his femininity.

Grabbing Steve's hips, he shoved him back against the door, mouth slanted tightly over Steve's and fingers scrambling to ruck up his shirt from his jeans. Steve grunted as he hit the door, pulling at the two sides of Billy's shirt, barking a strangled laugh into his mouth as he heard buttons skitter to the floor. Billy growled, a deep rattle in his throat, and bit Steve's lip hard enough to hurt.

It burned. It throbbed. Steve moaned. His cock ached in his jeans, pushing uncomfortably against his fly. Pulling Billy's ruined shirt off his shoulders, he pressed his palms against his golden skin, molten heat searing him to the core.

Giving up on his shirt, Billy turned his attention to Steve's jacket, shoving it down his shoulders, the fabric bunching at his elbows. He kissed him through the awkward fumble, hands groping and grasping until it fell to the floor with the buttons of his shirt.

Steve grabbed his nails down Billy's chest, scratching red lines into his skin. Billy moaned into his mouth and broke free, sucking in a shallow breath as Steve tugged at his belt with deft fingers, unzipping his jeans and slipping a gas underneath his briefs.

"Jesus," he breathed, head tipping back, eyes half closed. Steve grinned, kissing the sharp line of his jaw.

His cock was thick and hard, hot and silky under his touch. He touched the head, thumbed down the foreskin and strokes his the pad of his thumb at the sensitive spot under the head until Billy hisses through his teeth and shoved his hips into his hand.

Pressing his teeth against Billy's jaw in a mimicry of a kiss, he dropped to his knees.

He sucked the thick cap into his mouth, lips sealed tight, tongue sliding across skin. Billy grabbed his hair and grunted, head tipping down to watch him. Steve watched him, tongue curled around the length as he sucked down, breathing hard through his nose when he choked.

“Jesus, Harrington,” Billy muttered, wrapping his fingers tighter in his hair and tugging. It stung. Lust clenched on Steve’s stomach. His cock twitched, aching hard.

He smiled again, wrapping a hand around the base of Billy’s dick and mouthing at the head. Billy pulled again, sharp and bright, the nerves of Steve’s scalp singing with it. He closed his eyes and sucked him down, drinking him down until he choked, eyes smarting with tears when Billy held him down by the hair.

Cock heavy and hot on his tongue, big hands moving over his scalp to scrape through his hair, Steve sucked, saliva spilling from the corners of his mouth. It dripped down his chin. When he looked up, Billy was looking at him, eyes dark and lust-blown, teeth digging into his lip as he watched the slide of his cock from tip to almost-root into Steve’s mouth.

Steve fumbled with his own belt, tugging at it with clumsy fingers, knees spreading to keep his balance. On his knees he couldn’t push his jeans down, couldn’t get enough slackness to do anything other than shove his hand into his briefs and palm at his cock roughly. Too dry, too close, too much friction.

It was perfect and enough, heat spasming through his spine and fraying his nerves as he sucked Billy’s cock. Billy pulled on his hair, sharp tugs that burned his nerve endings and hard grips that held his head back until he could watch the steady slide of his cock bumping into Steve’s throat with focused ease.

Steve let him, the V of his thumb and forefinger braced against Billy’s pelvis, guiding his cock into his mouth, keeping the angle just right.

Tears burned his eyes, bright and as bitter at the precome on his tongue. He swallowed it down with the saliva. It spilled from his mouth, trails of it bleeding at the corners.

Billy’s cock twitched in his mouth. Steve felt it before it happened—the spasm of muscle, the uptick in his breath, the soft noise that broke from his throat as his fingers tightened in his hair, so hard it burned and stung and ached all at once. The taste of hot salt rushed over his tongue.

He pulled free, abrupt, and Steve felt the loss like losing a limb. Lines of come, white and hot, painted his face, slashing over the bridge of his nose and lips. Billy's hand kept his head pinned back, an open canvas to be used.

His hand stilled in his jeans. He swallowed the come in his mouth and licked his lips.

"Fuck," Billy said, soft. His chest heaved. He looked stupid, drunk on orgasm. He sounded wounded. "For fuck's sake."

They stared for a moment and then Billy pulled on his hair again, upward this time. Steve rose, unsteady, one hand on Billy's hip and the other still jammed in the front of his jeans. Precome dropped against his knuckles.

Billy kissed him, licked the come off his mouth, and crowded him against the door. Shoving his jeans down his hips, he wrapped his fingers over Steve's cock and jerked once, a clever twist of his wrist pushing Steve onto his toes with a moan. He grabbed Billy's hips, desperate for something to hold onto.

"You're such a slut, you know that?" Billy said against his mouth, each stroke of his hand punctuated with another twist. "On your knees and I didn't even have to ask. Not even girls do that shit. You were fucking *gagging* for it."

Steve whined, thin and high, and nodded, head falling back against the door. He had been, for weeks, even before Nancy had left his sorry ass, because Billy was golden and gorgeous and aggressive, masculine in that way that turned him on in the middle of the night when no one knew what he dreamed about. Nothing like Mitch or the one basketball player from a rival school he'd fucked around with last summer; Billy was larger than life, taking up enough room for three when he crowded against Steve like he knew what he was doing.

His hand paused on Steve's cock. He pulled on his hair. Steve opened his eyes. "Say it."

Steve stared, pushing his hips into Billy's hand. Billy tugged on his hair again, sharp and painful, borderline punishment.

“Say. It.”

“I’m a slut.”

When Billy grinned, it was feral, wild-eyed in the aftermath, and when he kissed him, Steve swore he tasted it on his tongue.

His strokes were rough, edging on violent, friction too much. Pleasure twisted in Steve’s belly. Each rough drag of Billy’s hand had him rocking onto his toes, knocking a desperate noise from his lungs as his nails bit half-moon marks into Billy’s hips.

He came violently, orgasm tearing through his body until he shook with it, brain a haze of white noise that only broke apart when Billy dragged his callous-rough palm over the head of his cock. His hips twitched, trying to squirm away, whining a plea into Billy’s mouth. Steve felt him smile against his lips even as he groaned, pushing at Billy’s hips, sharp-shock pleasure-pain twisting through his frayed nerves.

Billy kissed him, soft and sweet, giving one last rough drag over his oversensitive cock as he pulled away, hand untangling from his hair. Steve slumped against the door, breathing hard. His legs felt unsteady.

He watched as Billy stepped back, mouth curved into a hint of a smirk, turning to the mirror to fix his hair and tuck his cock into his jeans. Steve stared dumbly until Billy said, “You have come on your face.”

“Fuck you,” he said, no heat. He tucked himself into his jeans and rearranged his shirt, redoing his belt. He wiped off his face with toilet paper.

Outside, the kids were waiting, probably wondering what the fuck they were doing. Or maybe not, Steve thought hopefully. Maybe they’d fucked off to save the world while Steve had been sucking off Billy fucking Hargrove.

Jesus. *Jesus*. What the fuck was wrong with him?

“Don’t be such a little bitch.”

Steve turned a half-hearted glare on Billy. "What?"

"The look on your face. Chill out. You just came and you look like someone stabbed your puppy."

Steve huffed. "I don't have a —" He broke off and looked to the closed door. "I need to show you something."

His hint of a smirk turned full blown. "You just did."

Steve scowled. "Shut the hell up. That's not what I mean." He ran a hand through his hair until it looked like some form of orderly chaos. "Just don't say a fucking word, alright?"

Billy raised an eyebrow and nodded.

The kids weren't jammed outside the door, but they weren't gone completely either. Steve didn't know if he was relieved or not. Clumped together at the kitchen table, they looked up as Steve walked in and then Billy. Max jerked her head to the side and stared at the wall. Lucas shifted uncomfortably, eyes drifting to the ceiling.

"Steve, what the hell, man?" Dustin said, pushing up from his seat with narrowed eyes. "What the fuck are you doing with him?"

Steve swallowed. He could still taste Billy in his mouth, hot and salty. He wanted to scrape the taste from his tongue.

He marched across kitchen and opened the fridge. The dead Demodog tumbled out, slapping against the linoleum with a wet sound.

When he looked at Billy, his eyes were wide, mouth agape and hands frozen in half-fists in front of him. Eyes fixed on the Demodog, he said, "What the fuck is *that*?"

For the first time in a long time, Steve felt smug.

A week later, after the world had been righted again and the Demogoron blood had been scrubbed from Mrs Byers' fridge, Jonathan crossed the school parking lot to Billy's Camaro.

“Here,” he said as he grabbed Billy’s hand and flattened it out, face pinched as he placed buttons in his palm, “I think these are yours.”

From beside him, Steve flushed bright pink. Billy smirked.

“Thanks, man.”